

Neon-Ls'ly Niger

AN ANTHOLOGY OF MODERN VERSE COLLECTED BY

BARRY TAYLOR



CONTENTS

- 1 WRONG SIDE OF THE RIVER
Voices of Lewisham Poets

- 2 MUSEUM OF THE NEW DINOSAURS
- 3 BLACK LEATHER
- 4 SONG OF TRAFALGAR
- 5 THE DATING AGENCY
- 6 NO CHEMISTRY
- 7 LAMENT FOR THE DAMNED
- 8 ORDINARY MAN
- 9 NO THICKER THAN WATER
- 10 YOU NEVER HAD IT SO GOOD
- 11 ARMADILLOS
- 12 LIES
- 13 LESSONS OF THE SLATE MINE
- 14 BLACK SKY
- 15 CLOSE ENCOUNTERS
- 16 PEDESTAL
- 17 A.LEE FIRTH

- 18 LEST WE FORGET
- 19 WAITING GAME/REVEILLE/SANDWICHMAN
- 20 STRAIGHT RULE/FEVER
- 21 DAVID H.W.GRUBB

- 22 DISPOSING OF THE CEDAR
- 23 BENEATH CEDAR BOUGHS
- 24 THE OLD TREES
- 25 IN WINTER STILL
- 26 ACROSS A WINTER FIELD
- 27 SCHOOL BULLIES
- 28 THE RAIN CHILDREN
- 29 SIMON DARRAGH

- 30 No 37
- 31 PAPPAS TASSOS CONSIDERS THE TOURISTS

SONG OF TRAFALGAR

Still bloated from turkey the crowds from the station
Spill out from the Strand this last night of the year,
Their voices raised over the hustle and bustle
Are amplified thrice by the whisky and beer,

The streets well illumined, the evening long banished,
Some make for the Garden, some drift to the Square;
Coarse shouts drowned by laughter
'midst kissing of strangers,
A curtain of hope seems to hang in the air.

Girls munching on hot dogs, high spirited denimed youths
Knock back the lager, spray string by the can,
Blue uniforms milling around by the barriers
Gently enforcing the alchohol ban.

The few trouble-makers admonished or cautioned,
But only arrested should quiet reason fail,
The steamers and dippers.....scant are the detested,
And most of these traced to excesses of ale.

Come midnight, euphoria welling up over all,
Louder and louder the voices are raised,
Ephemeral zeitgeist, uncompromised dreamers
Twelve hours from now will be reeling and dazed.

Good will to all brothers and sisters whatever
Their creed, race, religion or class, then they spill
Back onto the streets where next day they'll continue
To cheat and to hustle, to steal and to kill.

1st January 1988

THE DATING AGENCY

Its files are crammed with desperate young men
Who for some reason cannot find a mate,
And slightly older women who by then
Have realised they've not much time left to wait.

Old bachelors and fillies are in dearth,
Except for creeps and young unmarried mums,
For single girls correctly do guage their worth
And aging spinsters quickly do their sums.

NO CHEMISTRY

Blind strangers in a Northern town we met,
You smiled uneasily at me, and I
Returned your gaze, frowned at your cigarette
And almost wincing, straightened up my tie.
Hello: you said. Hello. And, names exchanged
We found a tavern that was to your like,
We sat and drank, already half estranged;
Both of us knew this was a pointless hike.
The conversation died the death before
We started talking almost, but we sat
And drank untill we neither cared for more;
My cider tasted sharp, your lager, flat.
I walked you to the station where we stood
Beneath the shelter, shielded from the rain,
And though we didn't speak, both understood
The reason we would never meet again.
Your bus pulled in, I smiled and said to you:
No chemistry..... We kissed once, then: Adieu.

LAMENT FOR THE DAMNED

I feel sorry for the contented people
Who don't know how unhappy they must be,
The Flatlanders and unaugmented people
Oblivious to their own misery.

The man who grafts all week for a mere pittance,
Six, even seven days just to survive
To higher levels he has no admittance,
Nor does he even know what he's denied.

The woman who, her brief, long faded beauty
Now just a distant dream, is forced to slave,
To feed her family and do her duty,
Her life a drudge from cradle to the grave.

And then there are those who know their position,
Who never seek to improve....how could they
Walk side by side with men of erudition,
And noble birth? Their lot is to obey.

These are the folk who spout the propaganda
That work is the salvation of the masses,
Despising those of low birth who seek grander;
I feel so sorry for these pompous asses.

But at least there misery is contented,
The saddest folk of all are those with eyes
To see what they could achieve...how tormented
Are those who try so hard, yet never rise.

NO THICKER THAN WATER

They told him when his father died:
it's vulgar to rejoice.
To which he pitilessly replied:
I never had a choice.

I was my father's only son,
So whose fault is it that
When I grew I was to become
A cold,unfeeling brat?

His mother died that very year,
And all the neighbours wept,
But he shed not a single tear,
And comfortably slept.

The village folk thought ill of him,
But he was bothered not,
They'd soon bow to his every whim,
For he'd been left the lot

I mourn only departed friends,
My parents were not so;
True,there are some who say blood lends
To stronger ties,but no,

That never has been,never will.
For bonds unfreely made
Are oft congenitally ill,
And all the sooner frayed.

YOU NEVER HAD IT (SO GOOD)

O what a wonderful democracy
We have in England's green and pleasant land,
Some people say none but the rich are free:
This attitude I cannot understand.

The Ritz is open to both rich and poor,
The distribution of the nations' wealth
Does not affect our rights in common law,
For anyone may use the National Health.

No one may sleep under a bridge at night,
From vagrancy all classes have been banned,
You see, social equality's a right
For all, in England's green and pleasant land.

NEON LILLY TIGER

I.S.B.N. 1.872603:37:8

This 'Cat' of an anthology collected
by BARRY TAYLOR creeps up on you, purrr
friendly one minute, claw sharp next,
mousing the reader to 'lightweight' -
reflective entanglement, teasing you
to look at yourself and the BRITAIN

NEON LILLY TIGER NEON LILLY

we're forced to acknowledge we occupy,
brackened by concrete fed beef, spoiled
by policy, wounded by attribution.

Is there nothing man won't mutilate
on this planet to get ahead?

NEON LILLY TIGER LILLY NEON

HIS OWN SPECIES INCLUDED

LILLY TIGER NEON LILLY TIGER

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